

Maybe She Picked Up A Sailor

by michelle alexis

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Summary: When Shirley gets mugged, she starts thinking over her relationship with Carmine.

1. Default Chapter Title

Subj: **"Maybe She Picked Up A Sailor"*******
> Date: 102/99 11:52:00 PM Eastern Daylight Time
> From: MicheMach<a>
> To: MicheMach<a>
>
> <p><p>

"Maybe She Picked Up A Sailor"
>
 "

****(One day, I believe it was a Tuesday, no, maybe a Wednesday, yeah, I remember, it was a Thursday, Laverne borrowed the car for a date, and Shirley had to work overtime. After the little fiasco that happened last time she rode in Rosie Greenbaum's Cadillac, she decided to walk. So why didn't she walk to Carmine's dance studio so then after classes they could walk home together [sounds like school, don't it?]? Because she's naive. So anyway, around six o'clock, no one on the street, everyone home, she's walking home. She had her grandmother's Victorian pin in her purse. Darn Mr. Shotz making her work over time. She had to take that and a few other things to the jewelry store. Maybe the jeweler could take that adhesive tape off the class ring Carmine gave her. The clasp on both the Victorian pin and that half heart necklace Laverne gave her [episode: Laverne and Shirley Move In] were broken, so it was all safely tucked away in her purse. Darn it, the jewelry store's closed. Shirley stands at the crosswalk getting ready to cross the street, when suddenly, someone grabs her by the hair and drags her into an alley. After one punch everything goes black.)
>
 (in Laverne's apartment Laverne's pacing around)
>
 Laverne: You know, this proves it. Shirley's an idiot.
> Carmine: Yeah, this is kind of dumb. Shirley can't defend herself. She can scream though.
 Laverne: You know she coulda gotten

mugged or somethin'?

> Carmine: Why don't ya call that cop you know? Chubby, what's his name?
 Laverne: He's not chubby, he's just..... his name is Norman, and I will call him.

>
 (she starts dialing when there's a knock on the door)

>
 Laverne: Who is it?

> Norman: It's me, Norman. Laverne, you there?
 Laverne: Yeah, yeah, come in.

>
 (she hangs up the phone and opens the door)

>
 Laverne: Listen, I don't know what to do, Shirl's missin', she had to work overtime and I took the car and she walked home and she's not home.

> Norman: Maybe she met a sailor, there are a lot of bars between here and Sholtz.
 Carmine: That's Laverne's department.

> Norman: Anyway, I ordered a search...
 Laverne: Awww, your ordered a search for me?

>
 (Carmine clears his throat)

>
 Laverne: I mean for Shirl?

> Norman: Yeah. If anyone asks, she's been missing 3 days.

Carmine: Is there anything we can do? Besides sitting here?

> Norman: Uhh, not really. You could go to the Pizza Bowl and tell your dad she's missin'.
 Laverne: Great idea!

>
 (they run out the door and lock the door. Unfortunately, Norman was still inside.)

>
 Norman: (yelling through the window) Hey Laverne!! Laverne! You left me in here!! Laverne!!

>
 (she runs back and lets him out, then locks the door after making sure no one's in there.)

>
 (at the Pizza Bowl, Norman walks in, tell Mr. DeFazio, and goes to leave)

>
 Laverne: Where you goin'?

> Norman: I still have to make my daily rounds. But I'll look for her, okay?
 Laverne: Yeah, thanks Norman.

> (she kisses his cheek and goes back to the counter)

> (Mr. DeFazio is now yelling at Carmine who, suprisingly, doesn't flinch even though he's yelling in his ear)

> Laverne: Carmine? You deaf in that ear?
 Carmine: After today, yeah.

> Frank: Why didn't you walk home with her?
 Carmine: See, I still had to work at the dance studio, but I admit, I shoulda offered. Lucille wouldn't have liked it.

>
 (Laverne smacks him upside the head)

>
 Laverne: Shirl's missin' and you're thinkin' about Lucille?

>
 (she smacks him again)

> (Mr. DeFazio then smacks him on the head a few more times)

> Carmine: Okay, if you want I'll go look for Shirl.
 Edna: We're not forcing you Carmine.

> Carmine: Oh Shirl, where could you be? (he walks out the door)

Laverne: What is wrong with him? I have a good mind to go and punch

> Lucille right in the face, make her all bruised.
 Edna: We have to find Shirley first.

>

2. Default Chapter Title

Subj: **"Maybe She Picked Up A Sailor"*****

> Date: 102/99 11:55:01 PM Eastern Daylight Time

> From: MicheMach<a>
> To: MicheMach<a>
>
> <p><p>

***"Maybe She Picked Up A Sailor"

>
 *****Last time we left everyone, Shirley was missing while walking home from work. Carmine was acting like a huge jerk and reluctantly went to look for her. Norman the cop went on his daily rounds looking for her. Norman is about 4 blocks from Shotz when he sees something shiny in the alley. He checks out to see if no one's there, then walks in and looks. It's Shirley! That pin with the two circles locked together was shining in the street light. He radios some cops and when they come he runs to the pay phone to call the Pizza Bowl.

>
 (meanwhile, at the Pizza Bowl, Laverne just got the call)

>
 Laverne: They found her! Oh no, they didn't.

> Edna: They didn't what?
 Laverne: Norman says she has a real bad black eye and they took her purse. They're gonna bring her to the apartment.

>
 (a few minutes later, Laverne and Edna and Frank are pacing around waiting for another call or waiting for the cops to bring Shirley. There's a call and Laverne frantically answers it.)

>
 Laverne: Hey Norman? Oh, hi Lucille. (pounds the bookshelf) No he's not here. Maybe he got some standards and another girlfriend.

>
 (she slams down the phone and sits on the couch tapping her feet)

>
 Frank: When did they say they were coming?

> Laverne: They said soon, soon, soon.
 Edna: At least we know she's alright. Be thankful for that.

> Laverne: Boy I'm gonna give Mr. Shotz a piece of my mind tomorrow. I mean, you know how many killers and thugs there are out there?
 Squiggy: Hello!

>
 (he opens the door and slams it, that was an angry hello. He also kinda slammed the door in Lenny's face then Lenny flings it open and slams Squiggy into the closet door)

>
 Lenny: Any news on Shirl yet? We looked for her everywhere ya know.

> Laverne: Yeah, they're bringin' her over in a few minutes. I'm so scared, I mean, what if she had really gotten hurt?

> (she puts her arms around Lenny and puts her head on his shoulder.)

> Lenny: C'mon, everything's gonna be alright. And if she don't come back, you can bed with us.
 Squiggy: And that's a promise babe.

>
 (Laverne puts a disgusted look on her face and straightens up. Suddenly there's a knock on the door and Frank opens it. There stands the cutest police officer ever to grace the planet.... and Shirl. Don't that ruin a smut image? J/K. He lays her down on the couch and turns to Laverne.)

>
 Cop: I'm officer Robert Longshore....

>
 (Lenny and Squiggy start laughing and Frank smacks them upside the head)

>
 Robert: Are you Laverne DeFazio?

> Laverne: Yeah that's me, and that's Shirl.
 Robert: Alright, now, she has a bad black eye you should put a steak on it, but we haven't found her purse or any belongings yet.

> Laverne: It's ok, as long as she's here and alright.
 Robert: We'll call here the minute we find her belongings. And maybe to ask

you for a date.

> Laverne: I'll accept that call. Friday night?
 Robert: Sure. See ya then, Laverne.

>
 (he tips his hat and leaves. Laverne floats out to cloud 9 for a minute then snaps out of it and goes to see how Shirl is. Edna had gotten a steak for her and put it on her eye. She's now waking up.)

>
 Shirley: I'm never working late again.

> Laverne: Shirl, you're alright!
 Shirley: Laverne, can you give me my purse? I have such a hangover for some reason....

> Laverne: Don't you know you got mugged Shirl?
 Shirley: Oh, no. I had that necklace you gave me in my purse, and my grandmother's pin, and Carmine's class ring and everything.

> Frank: Forget about Carmine right now, he don't care.

> (she weakly looks at Frank with a look of disbelief)

> Shirley: He doesn't care about his little angelface who just got mugged?
 Lenny: Ah, forget about it, he was acting like a jerk, forget about it.

> Laverne: Yeah, he was just talkin' about Lucille.
 Shirley: Lucille Lockwash. I have a good mind to slap her with this steak.

>
 (she gets up and sits back down feeling a little lightheaded.)

>
 Laverne: C'mon, let's go to sleep, you need some sleep.

> Shirley: Oh alright.
 (she slowly trudges towards the bedroom and everyone else leaves.)

>
 (meanwhile, Carmine is still walking through the streets of Milwaukee. He's thinking about what a jerk he was today. Suddenly a motorcycle pulls up next to him. It's the Fonz!)

>
 Fonzie: Hey, Big Ragoo. What you doin' out so late?

> Carmine: Hey Fonz. Nothin' really, just lookin' for Shirl or her purse.
 (Fonzie stops the motorcycle and looks at him)

> Fonzie: What about her?
 Carmine: She got mugged. I hope they found her already.

> Fonzie: You don't say. I'll find out who did it. Hey, you want a ride to Laverne and Shirley's house?
 Carmine: No, I feel like such a heel. I acted like a jerk today.

> Fonzie: Well then you gotta go over and apologize. And it wouldn't hurt ya to find that purse.
 Carmine: Yeah, thanks for the ride, I'm gonna look in this alley for a sec.

> (he looks in there and lo and behold, there's a purse that looks a helluva lot like Shirl's. He picks it up and finds their high school class ring. With a big smile he runs out and jumps on the back of Fonzie's bike.)

> (meanwhile, in Laverne and Shirley's bedroom.....)

> Shirley: I hate that jerk!
 (she punches the "hi sailor" pillow Laverne moved to the bedroom)

> Laverne: Shirl, save your energy to punch Lucille.
 Shirley:

It's not enough he finds someone on the sly. No, he doesn't even _care_ that I, his first girlfriend, his first steady girlfriend, the girl he took to both proms, the girl he gave his class ring to, got mugged?! I hate him!

>
 (she punches it again and some stuffing comes out)

>
 Laverne: Calm down Shirl, he's just a guy, you'll find more fish in the sea.

> Shirley: Would you stop thinking about sailors for two minutes Laverne?

> (there's a knock on the door and Shirley buried her head in her pillow)
 Shirley: I'm not here.

> Laverne: Alright, alright.

> (she opens the door and there's Fonzie and Carmine [four hunks in one script, I've outdone myself.])

> Laverne: Hey Fonz.
 (he walks in and pins her to the door and kisses her)
> Fonzie: Now where is Shirl? I heard she got mugged.
 Laverne: She don't wanna talk to a certain person, but you could go in Fonz.

>
 (she turns around and slams the door in Carmine's face. She then walks to the bedroom and sits on her bed. Fonzie's trying to talk to Shirley.)
>
 Shirley: I hate him Fonz, there's nothing more to it! I'm never speaking to that jerk again!
> Fonzie: You know this man was walking through the streets looking for your purse and you know he found it?
 Shirley: He did? Well, I don't care. He has Lucille now.
> Fonzie: You're gonna throw away this whole relationship 'cause of some bimbo?
 Laverne: You're calling Lucille a bimbo?
> Fonzie: You know how many times she's cheated on him?
 (Shirley has an evil smile on her face)
> Shirley: There's something I'd never do. Alright, I forgive the stupid jerk. Not his fault he has no standards.
 Laverne: Be nice Shirl. He's a real nice guy. He even brought over your purse.
>
 (Shirley walks to the living room and grabs her purse. Inside she finds everything and a note. A mugger who leaves notes? No, it's from Carmine.)
>
 Shirley: Oh, this guy is so sweet! Laverne, I'm going to Carmine's for a minute!
>
 (she runs upstairs and opens the door. Carmine is exercising on the stationary bike.)
>
 Shirley: Carmine....
> Carmine: Look Shirl, I'm real sorry if I seemed real mad or I didn't look for you. I broke up with Lucille today, and I didn't wanna tell no one. But you don't know how worried I was.
 Shirley: Carmine, get off that stupid bike.
>
 (he gets off and walks over to her)
>
 Carmine: You found my note?
> Shirley: Yeah, I did.
 Carmine: Well, you wanna go back to seein' each other?
>
 (she puts her arms around his neck and kisses him)
>
 Shirley: What does that tell you?
> Carmine: I guess so. By the way, keep the class ring.
 Shirley: Why we're not going steady..... unless you want to.
> Carmine: For that reason, and also because I'd never be able to get all that adhesive tape off.

> (they start kissing again and we zoom out because too much smut ruins my script.)
>
>

End
file.